THE CHILDREN's FRIEND;

CONSISTING OF

APT TALES, SHORT DIALOGUES, AND MORAL DRAMAS;

ALL INTENDED

To engage ATTENTION, cheriſh FEELING, and inculcate VIRTUE, in

THE RISING GENERATION.

TRANSLATED BY

The Rev. MARK ANTHONY MEILAN,

From the FRENCH of M. BERQUIN.

VOL. XII.

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THE USE OF THE LOOKING GLASS.

MR. Ellis having one day caught his daughter, Henrietta, ſeriouſly employed before her looking glaſs, the following converſation paſs'd between them.

MR. ELLIS.

So, ſo, Henrietta! you are quite ſet off! you have ſome viſit of importance ſure to make, or probably receive?

HENRIETTA.

Yes, Papa; I am to paſs the evening with the Miſs Durands.

Mr. Ellis.

I ſhould have thought you meant to figure it away with dutcheſſes! What need of ſuch fine cloaths to viſit friends you ſee ſo frequently?

Henrietta.

Becauſe, Papa—becauſe—when any one goes out a viſiting, ſhe ſhould be dreſs'd not quite ſo careleſſly, as if ſhe were to ſtay at home.

Mr. Ellis.

Oh, ho! it ſeems then you are ſometimes careleſs of your dreſs at home?

Henrietta.

Not ſo exactly; but you know, Papa, there ought to be a difference.

Mr. Ellis.

I underſtand you: what you mean to ſay is, one ſhould be a little fine;

but you ſeem'd, upon my entrance, to be ſtudying your looks. And does your glaſs inform you, they will pleaſe the Miſs Durands? (*Henrietta bluſhes.*) What then is your deſign?

HENRIETTA.

You know, Papa, one would not wiſh to frighten people.

Mr. ELLIS.

It depends upon ourſelves, then, not to frighten people?

HENRIETTA.

No—not altogether: but I meant by what I ſaid—what people generally mean by fright'ning.

Mr. ELLIS.

And what's that? I ſhould be glad to know. The information might be ſerviceable alſo to myſelf.

HENRIETTA.

Why, as for inſtance, if a perſon ſhould be pitted in the face, or have too wide a mouth, or ſtaring eyes?

Mr. ELLIS.

Thank Heaven, you are without deformities like theſe, and have a tolerably pretty face. What further would you have, that as you ſay, you might not frighten people, but in general give them pleaſure?

HENRIETTA.

Ah, my dear Papa, I know not how it is; but there are ſome among my little friends extremely pretty, but who do not therefore pleaſe me: and ſome few that pleaſe me greatly, tho' they are not pretty.

Mr. ELLIS.

Prithee, let me know a little more of this: and in the firſt place mention thoſe who may be pretty, but are not ſo happy as to pleaſe you.

HENRIETTA.

That's an eaſy matter. Firſt then, there's Miſs Allen. She, you muſt acknowledge, has a ſkin as clear as alabaſter, large blue eyes, and roſy lips: but then, the airs ſhe takes upon her, make her mouth ſeem leſs a great deal than it is. She turns her head on one ſide, ſo as to deform her countenance: ſhe drawls her ſyllables ſo ſlowly, it might well be thought they don't belong to one another; and while ſpeaking, eyes you juſt as if ſhe

wiſh'd you would admire her ſentences. Then likewiſe, there's Miſs Robertſon, I mean the eldeſt of the two, that paſſes for the prettieſt lady of the neighbourhood; but ſhe has ſuch a haughty look, and makes ſo many faces, one would think ſhe ſcorns or ridicules her company. As for Miſs Young, the pretty dark young lady; ſhe has ſuch a poſitive behaviour, and a way of talking ſo preciſe, that any boy would even bluſh to hear her.

Mr. ELLIS.

Softly, ſoftly.—In this manner, we ſhall very ſoon call names. And therefore let me know, who thoſe are that find favour in your eyes, altho' they are not pretty?

HENRIETTA.

You have ſeen Miſs Lewis; have you not? Her face has cruelly been pitted, and her eye even got a ſpeck. And yet, her figure's ſo agreeable, one ſees good-nature, complaiſance, and condeſcenſion in it. Young Miſs Robertſon even ſquints a little, owing to a kind of veil, which in her infancy they put before her eyes, while for a year they were inflam'd. She ſeems as if ſhe look'd upon the right ſide to diſcern ſuch objects as are plac'd upon the left: but her acquaintance ſoon become accuſtom'd to it, and admire her, notwithſtanding ſuch a fault. So great is her vivacity and underſtanding!

Mr. ELLIS.

Right.—You ſee then, outſide ornaments, or to expreſs myſelf ſtill more particularly, a fair ſkin, white teeth, a well form'd noſe, vermillion lips, an elegant or graceful ſhape, and in a word, all perſonal accompliſhments whatever, do not, of themſelves, ſuffice to pleaſe: One ſtill muſt have a pleaſing countenance, and eaſy manners.

HENRIETTA.

Certainly, my dear Papa: for otherwiſe, I cannot think how any one ſhould pleaſe me, who is neither pretty nor well ſhap'd; or, on the other hand, how any one well-ſhap'd and pretty, ſhould diſpleaſe me.

Mr. ELLIS.

But pray tell me, why the firſt may frequently have ſomething in her countenance, that more agreeably affects us, than the features, howſoever regular they may be, of the laſt?

HENRIETTA.

Becauſe, I apprehend her countenance has certain marks upon it that expreſs her diſpoſition; and becauſe, when any one is miſtreſs of an open ſet of features, we incline to think her miſtreſs of an open heart.

Mr. ELLIS.

When you were juſt now got before your looking-glaſs, no doubt you wiſh'd to ſet your countenance, in ſuch a manner, that beholders might

imagine you were miſtreſs of an open heart?

HENRIETTA.

O pray Papa, don't laugh at me!

Mr. ELLIS.

I don't intend to do ſo: but from what you ſaid juſt now, 'tis evident you wiſh to pleaſe, and you ſuppoſe this way the ſureſt.

HENRIETTA.

So I do indeed.

Mr. ELLIS.

But ſtill, do you ſuppoſe that ſuch a countenance may not deceive? or that the means of pleaſing can be taken up and laid aſide at pleaſure?

HENRIETTA.

So I think; for I have heard both you, and others, often ſay, "I never

ſhould have fancied, ſuch or ſuch a little girl had ſo deceitful a complection!" "Such or ſuch a man ſeems honeſt by his looks, but he has cheated us!" And "ſuch or ſuch a woman knows ſo well the art of ſetting off her face, one would ſuppoſe her miſtreſs too of every virtue!"

Mr. Ellis.

But, pray, were we ſpeaking then of ſuch as we had been acquainted with, or often notic'd? or if only once, with great attention?

Henrietta.

That I can't pretend to ſay.

Mr. Ellis.

And might not this falſe judgment have proceeded from a want of requiſite diſcernment? or been fram'd

without the leaſt attention to find out if they had always worn the ſame complexion, or had only borrow'd it for that occaſion? Or, in ſhort, did every thing in thoſe of whom we may have form'd ſo falſe a judgment ſpeak and act conſiſtently?

HENRIETTA.

Conſiſtently?

Mr. ELLIS.

Yes: That's as much as if we were to ſay, did every thing agree? their figure, eyes, their tone of voice, their features? or did nothing contradict, or, if you pleaſe, belie itſelf about them?

HENRIETTA.

Here are many things indeed to be conſider'd all at once! However, I ſhould think, that if I had the oppor-

tunity of seeing any one a length of time, and often in that time; and if I were attentive to examine her, I could not be deceiv'd.

Mr. Ellis.

Poor child! don't trust too much your penetration.

Henrietta.

But at least, I think I can discover in my friends whatever they *affect*, or what is *natural* to any one among them.

Mr. Ellis.

That's as much as saying, you are well enough experienc'd in the art of counterfeiting, and possess sufficient penetration, with sufficient judgment, to distinguish truth from what is nothing but hypocrisy. I never should

have look'd for ſuch a talent in ſo young a head as your's!

HENRIETTA.

O, I aſſure you, I have perfectly remark'd Papa in that Miſs Allen juſt now mention'd, that her little mouth, and drawling ſpeech, are no ways natural to her; that Miſs Robertſon's proud look, and knack of making faces, with the poſitive behaviour, and preciſe pronunciation of Miſs Young are not affected, ſince the one is truly vain and ſcornful, and the other impudent.

Mr. ELLIS.

Perhaps, they are not yet ſufficiently experienc'd in the art of taking up a borrow'd countenance. But be

it ſo or not, you think our likings and diſlikings, with our faults and virtues, are diſplay'd on the complexion? and that eaſily it may be read, as in a book, by any perſon's features, what her heart is?

HENRIETTA.

And why not? for I have never yet obſerv'd an angry perſon with a gentle countenance; an envious, with a ſmiling; or a cruel, with a kind one. Only think a little of our neighbour Mrs. Ogre; for with what a look, of envy and ill-nature, does not ſhe examine people, juſt as if ſhe meant to bite them? and with what a ſurly tone of voice ſpeak to them! When Miſs Grizzle, that old maid, comes

here to ſee us, and we happen to have company, do you remember how her eyes turn round about, to ſee if any lady's dreſs is new or handſome? and how jealouſly ſhe notices ſuch lady afterwards, as if ſhe ſuffer'd for her elegance?

Mr. Ellis.

To ſay the truth, we are not frequently deceiv'd in judging by the countenance, if ſuch or ſuch an one is cholerick or envious. Notwithſtanding, may not nature have beſtow'd a vicious diſpoſition with a beauteous ſet of features? or a generous boſom, with ſuch features as are plain and homely?

HENRIETTA.

I can't ſay exactly; but ſhould find it difficult to think ſo.

Mr. ELLIS.

And why, pray?

HENRIETTA.

Becauſe we ſee, by any one's appearance, whether he is weak or ſtrong, and well or ſickly. Why then ſhould it not be juſt the ſame, in point of diſpoſition?

Mr. ELLIS.

Yet I'll tell you ſomething of two people, famous in antiquity, whoſe ſtory ſeems to contradict your notions.

"There was once a very ſkilful artiſt, named Zopirius, who pretended, after having carefully examin'd any

perſon's form and figure, to find out his moral character, and ruling paſſions. One day, having perfectly conſider'd Socrates, he judg'd him of a wicked heart, and given up to certain vices, ſome of which he nam'd. On hearing ſuch a judgment form'd of Socrates,—his friend and ſcholar, Alcibiades, who thought he knew his maſter's character, could not forbear from laughing at the phyſiognomiſt's deciſion, and expos'd him as an ignoramus: But behold ye, Socrates confeſs'd, that he had really poſſeſs'd from nature, all the vices he was charg'd with; and from which, he had preſerv'd himſelf by the continual efforts of his reaſon.

"Æſop too, that ſlave, who was en-

dued with ſo much genius, is deſcribed ſo utterly deform'd and hideous, that when publicly expos'd for ſale, there was not one of thoſe who ſaw his figure, would conſent to buy him, till his anſwers, which were full of underſtanding, ſpoke his value.' Here are then two inſtances, that ſeemingly eſtabliſh the reverſe of what you juſt now mention'd.

HENRIETTA.

In reality, I wonder to hear this; not only with regard to Socrates, of whom ſo often I have heard you ſpeak with admiration, of his virtue and abilities; but Æſop alſo, whoſe ingenious fables have ſo much amus'd me. I ſhould really have thought them,

both in point of form and figure, more agreeable than all the world beſide. But I return to what I ſaid juſt now; that people may be ordinary, and have notwithſtanding on the countenance, what every one ſhall think, though none perhaps be able to define them, marks that indicate a virtuous heart, and comprehenſive underſtanding.

Mr. Ellis.

You are right: for care and ſickneſs may deform our features; but it was not ſo with Socrates: he even avow'd, as I have told you, his firſt youth was not exempt from vicious inclinations; and the features of his face confirm'd it.

HENRIETTA.

Now I think more fully of it, his reply may ſolve the difficulty. He was born with vicious inclinations, but poſſeſſing an uncommon underſtanding that convinc'd him what abominable things, pride, wrath, and envy are, he ſteadily reſiſted, and at laſ was ſo ſucceſsful as to conquer them His heart was purg'd of it's deformi ties; but then, his countenance ſtil kept thoſe traces, his pride, wrath an envy had impreſs'd upon it.

Mr. ELLIS.

I obſerve I muſt allow you the la word: however, there's a deal truth in what you ſay. And ye I've ſtill one little queſtion you mu

anſwer; for ſuppoſe Miſs Robertſon, that haughty little lady you this moment mention'd, and deſcrib'd her features, as exhibiting the pride, ſelf-love, and ſuperciliouſneſs within her, ſhould be ſhown at laſt the folly of her vanity; and when convinc'd misfortunes and bad health may take away her beauty, ſhould reſolve to make herſelf agreeable by affability and condeſcenſion: if, I ſay, Miſs Robertſon ſhould go as far, as to be one day or another the reverſe of what ſhe is at preſent; and ſuppoſe, an equal change in all your little friends, reflecting every fault with which you charge them,—would, in that caſe, the impreſſion of their affectation or impudeſty, be ſtill preſerv'd upon their

countenance? And when, in conſequence of their redoubled and perſiſting efforts, they ſhould happily have chang'd their blemiſhes into the oppoſite perfections, would a change be alſo brought about upon their features?

HENRIETTA.

Certainly, Papa.

Mr. ELLIS.

Then truth may lie perhaps, half way between our ſeparate modes of thinking. Socrates had in his youth reſign'd himſelf entirely to the madneſs of his paſſions. He had kept ſtill longer his propenſity to anger, ſince he often earneſtly beſought his friends would give him notice when they ſaw him on the point of being angry. In

a riper time of life, when he had taken many leſſons in the ſchool of wiſdom, he began no doubt to ſtrive againſt his vices, to reform his nature daily, and aſcend, though ſlowly, to the higheſt pitch of excellence in every virtue: but 'twas then too late to change his features. All his nerves and fibres were become ſcarce flexible, and the ſuperior beauty of his ſoul no longer could pierce through his figure; but was what the ſun is, in a ſky obſcur'd by clouds and vapours. On the other hand, in childhood, when thoſe nerves and fibres are extremely flexible, the different affections of the ſoul diſplay themſelves ſucceſſively upon the countenance in all their ſtrength and energy. Thus

then, the virtues will be viſible thereon in lieu of former vices, if theſe former vices are ſucceeded in the heart by virtues: like a thin gauze covering, that by turns thrown over a Circaſſian's fair complexion, and a hideous negroe's features, eaſily will ſhow us what is charming in the one, and ugly in the other. Am I underſtood?

HENRIETTA.

O, clearly! thanks to your compariſons. And to convince you I have caught their ſpirit, *I'll* produce you one in turn. I've often, and with eaſe, cut out the letters of my name, and figures of the year, upon a tender ſapling; but could never do the ſame upon an aged oak, the bark was ſo extremely hard and rugged.

Mr. ELLIS.

You conceive me very well. But notwithſtanding your compariſon wan ſomething to be quite exact, 'tis always true, that granting we defer till years of manhood getting into virtuous habits, we ſhall ſeem leſs captivating in the eye of others, ſince our features, being long accuſtom'd to denote our vicious inclinations, cannot eaſily be wrought upon to ſhow our then ideas: and what ought we to conclude from this?

HENRIETTA.

That people ſhould—ſhould—ſhould—

Mr. ELLIS.

Conſider what you mean to ſay.

HENRIETTA.

I have it now—That people ſhould

times endeavour to procure a coun-
nance of virtue.

Mr. Ellis.

But, ſuppoſing we were not with-
us what our countenance proclaims
would not ſuch a contraſt be re-
rk'd? You ſaid juſt now, Miſs
len was not what ſhe wiſh'd ſhe
ght be thought. You ſee then—

Henrietta.

Yes, I ſee we ſhould exert ourſelves
be what we would *ſeem* to be. As
example; do I wiſh to be ac-
nted gentle, modeſt or benevo-
?—I ſhould reſiſt whatever in-
nation might prevent my being ſo
fact; or otherwiſe, my counte-
ce would very quickly be un-

maſk'd: for am I truly gentle, modeſt, and benevolent?—the features of my countenance will ſhow I am ſo.

Mr. ELLIS.

Very well, dear Henrietta; and pray is not this a charming recipe to get one's ſelf true beauty, or the real gift of pleaſing? How unhappy would not *they* be, to whom nature has denied her charms, if in the expectation of obtaining an agreeable and lovely countenance, they could not hope to gain that goodneſs of the heart, which pleaſes God as well as men? Comply then with my counſel; which is this, at no time to conſult your looking glaſs, by way of ſetting off your charms, or ſeeming better than you are: but when you find you

lf diſordered with ſome paſſion or
nother, then run quickly and conſult
. You will ſee therein, the uglineſs
f anger, jealouſy or affectation, and
ay aſk yourſelf if ſuch a counte-
nce can be agreeable to men or
od.

HENRIETTA.

Yes, yes, Papa, your counſel, I ac-
owledge, very prudent; and will do
y utmoſt to obſerve it; and beſides,
ive another good advantage from
ur leſſon.

Mr. ELLIS.

And what's that?

HENRIETTA.

I'll be obſervant to examine in the
ntenance of thoſe I have to do

with, in what light I ought h
them.

Mr. Ellis.

Have a care, my Henrietta, h
you do ſo! The firſt method wo
not be conſiſtent with civility or ſui
to what ought to be your ſex's mode
and then, the ſecond would be v
dangerous to a little maid of y
ſimplicity and inexperience. To d
tinguiſh any perſon's character and t
of thinking by her looks, for t
long ſtudy, frequent obſervation, an
very ſearching ſight are requi
You would be frequently deceiv
in likings and diſlikings. Cuſtom a
the uſage of mankind will teach y
by degrees. At preſent therefo
t

turn your ſtudy only on yourſelf, and carefully exert whatever inward ſtrength you are poſſeſs'd of, in acquiring virtue, and becoming, by her aid, more beautiful and lovely.

THE

AFFECTIONATE PRESENT.

Mrs. DENNISON, MIRANDA, *her daughter.*

MIRANDA.

MAMA, you know it will be very ſoon my brother's birth-day; and I don't know what to offer him. I hope you'll therefore give me ſomething to preſent him with by way of keep-ſake?

Mrs. DENNISON.

Doubtleſs, I might eaſily do ſo, but, I ſhould like much rather to preſent him with that ſomething on my own account. Do you imagine I enjoy leſs pleaſure than yourſelf in making preſents? and beſides, reflect that if I give you any thing, that after you may give it to your brother, 'tis my gift not yours.

MIRANDA.

That's true indeed, Mama: and yet, I ſhould be very glad if I had any thing to give him!

Mrs. DENNISON.

Well then, let's reflect a little. How ſhall we proceed? You cannot ſurely but have ſomething by you!

As for inſtance ſake, your little orange tree?

MIRANDA.

My little orange tree, Mama, whoſe bloſſoms I employ to make up all my noſegays!

Mrs. DENNISON.

Well, what think you of your lamb?

MIRANDA.

O, dear Mama! my lamb, that loves and follows me ſo prettily!

Mrs. DENNISON.

Your doves then?

MIRANDA.

I reſolv'd, you know, to bring them up before they well had broke the ſhell; ſo they're my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. DENNISON.

I ſee you've nothing then to give your brother!

MIRANDA.

Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. DENNISON.

And what?

MIRANDA.

You know that purſe, my aunt Tereſa gave me for a Chriſtmas-box laſt year: at leaſt 'tis very pretty!

Mrs. DENNISON.

True, my dear: but do you think your brother will be pleas'd with ſuch a gift? for not to mention, he can never wear it long, I fancy you remember, when you had it firſt, you did not like it much yourſelf, and

put it careleſſly into a drawer, as what you had no wiſh to ſee again: and this your brother knew, and cannot but remember when you bring it out.

MIRANDA.

But notwithſtanding that, Mama, 'tis ſtill a very pretty preſent.

Mrs. DENNISON.

No, my dear: that only can be call'd a pretty preſent, which we ſhould be glad to keep, and which the party ſo oblig'd, would equally be glad to have.

MIRANDA.

And muſt I give my brother every thing I ſhould be glad to keep?

Mrs. DENNISON.

No: juſt as much, or juſt as little,

as you pleaſe; provided what you give appears to be a token of your friendſhip.

MIRANDA, (*after a little reflection,*)

Well, well, I'll make up a noſegay of my fineſt orange bloſſoms, and preſent it Henry, with my lamb.

Mrs. DENNISON.

Well fancied! ſuch a gift will ſhow him your affection, ſince he knows, you would particularly like to keep the lamb yourſelf.

MIRANDA.

Nor yet, Mama, is this the whole; for every day I'll take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may uſe itſelf to follow him, as well as me. The little creature in this manner

will be quite familiar with my brother, when I give him; and my brother love him better.

Mrs. DENNISON.

Come my deareſt, and embrace me. Be aſſur'd, this delicate attention will encreaſe the value of your preſent. Thus, the mereſt trifle may become a valuable object, when beſtow'd with ſuch a grace. You could not give your brother, or even me, ſuch joy with any other preſent.

Or myſelf, Mama, replied Miranda, with vivacity.

You will be happier ſtill, continu'd Mrs. Denniſon, when once the birth day comes; becauſe, as I muſt ſtand for ſomething, I intend you ſhall perform the honours for me,

of a little cold collation, to be ſerv'd up in the garden, for your brother, and ſuch friends as he may wiſh to have invited.

Hearing this, the little lady kiſs'd her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran off to make up half a-dozen artificial roſes, with a crimſon ribband, ſhe had by her. And theſe roſes ſhe intended to dreſs out the lamb with, on her brother's birthday, when ſhe made him ſo affectionate a preſent.

THE TULIP ROOT.

LOUISA had, for two ſucceeding ſummers, gaz'd with pleaſure, at a bed of tulips, beautifully ſtrip'd with twenty colours, in her father's garden.

Like the ſportive butterfly, ſhe had roam'd frequently from flower to flower, and all ſhe thought of was

their beauty. She had never once reflected how ſuch charming objects were produc'd.

Laſt Autumn, ſhe obſerv'd her father, who was buſy, for amuſement's ſake, in digging up the tulip bed, and ſowing other tulip roots, which from their ſhape, her inexperience took for onions.

Ah, Papa, began Louiſa, in a diſcontented tone and manner, what are you about, in ſpoiling thus your bed of tulips; and inſtead of ſuch fine flowers, providing naſty onions for the kitchen?

O, my dear, replied her father, never fear: I know what I am about; and he was juſt upon the point of

telling her, thoſe naſty onions, as ſhe thought them, would produce next year, new tulips; but ſhe interrupted him with her complaints, and would not liſten.

As her father ſaw it was in vain to *talk* the matter over with her, he even let her murmur juſt as much as ſhe thought proper, and continu'd at his work, while ſhe went in quite peeviſh.

During winter, every time the converſation fell on flowers, Louiſa would be ſighing, as ſhe fancied it a pity ſuch fine flowers, as her belov'd tulips, which ſhe thought the greateſt ornament her father's garden boaſted, had been rooted up.

The winter now was over; and

ſince new year's-day Louiſa had not been a walking in the garden. What indeed could have induc'd her ſo to do, ſince it no longer offer'd any of its lovely colours?

One day notwithſtanding ſhe ſtept in, without at firſt intending it: but what was her ſurpriſe and tranſport, when ſhe ſaw the tulip-bed even twenty times more beautiful than ever!

She was ſtruck at firſt quite mute with wonder: but ſoon running in, ſhe flung herſelf into her father's arms, and thank'd him, as ſhe ſaid, for having rooted up his odious onions, and replanted in their place, thoſe flowers ſhe was ſo fond of.

You are not my debtor, ſaid her

father, in the way you think: for all those flowers you are so fond of, have sprung up from nothing but my odious onions.

She could no how credit what her father told her, till repairing to the garden, he pull'd up a tulip plant, and shew'd her what before she had suppos'd an onion, and from which the stalk was sprung.

Louisa, now was in confusion, and hung down her head, intreating pardon for refusing to believe her father. Willingly, replied the father, do I pardon you, provided for the future you confess how very likely children are to be deceiv'd, when they presume to judge in spite of all their inexperience, touching any thing their be-

ters, both in ſenſe and knowledge of affairs, are doing.

Yes, Papa, rejoin'd Louiſa, for the time to come, I'll not even credit my own eyes: and every time I ſhall be tempted to imagine I know half as much as other people, will bethink me of my ignorance, that fancied tulip roots were onions.

THE HOBGOBLIN.

A Ridiculous maid ſervant had poſ-
ſeſs'd the imagination of her maſter's
children with a hundred fooliſh tales
of ſpirits, and particularly of a black
fac'd goblin, as ſhe ſaid.

Antonia, one of theſe poor chil-
dren, for the firſt time in her life
beheld a chimney-ſweeper knocking
at her father's door. She made a la-
mentable

mentable outcry, and betook herſelf for refuge to the firſt apartment ſhe found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had ſhe hid herſelf behind a table, when the black-fac'd man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her.

This frighten'd her a ſecond time; and up ſhe ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen ſteps, and not a great way from the fire-place: where ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be ſafe from danger, in a corner.

She had hardly come, however, to herſelf, when ſuddenly ſhe heard the frightful fellow ſinging in the chim-

ney; and, with brush and scraper, making all the while a rattling noise against the bricks about him.

Being seiz'd with terror, she jump'd up and leaping thro' a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathless towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell half dead, and almost void of motion, close beside a tree.

In this new situation, hardly durst she look about her; when by chance she saw the black-fac'd man again appear, and wave his brush about him, at the chimney top.

On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running tow'rds the arbour, ask'd what

ail'd her, that ſhe cried out ſo! Antonia had not ſtrength ſufficient to articulate a ſingle word; and therefore, keeping ſilence, pointed to the place where Grim was ſitting then aſtride, and flouriſhing his bruſh.

Her father ſmil'd; and to convince her what ſmall cauſe ſhe had for terror, waited till the chimney-ſweeper was come down. He bade him then be call'd, and clean'd a little in Antonia's preſence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he ſent up into the houſe to fetch his barber, who, it happen'd, was then waiting for him, and who conſequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily aſham'd of having fear'd ſo much, without occaſion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to underſtand, there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children; ſince theſe laſt were, in another country, generally nurs'd by women purchas'd of thoſe nations, without loſing any of their whiteneſs.

Ever afterward Antonia was the firſt to laugh at ſilly ſtories, told by ſilly people, of hobgoblins and the like, to fright her.

EDUCATION MAKES THE MAN.

THEOPHILUS and Polydore were nearly of an age, and friends to one another from their infancy. Their parents being neighbours, they had daily opportunities of joining company together. Mr. Hollis, who was father to the laſt, enjoy'd an elevated office in the magiſtracy, and poſſeſſed

a great eſtate: but Mr. Euſtace, father to the former, had a very bounded income, but was perfectly contented with his ſituation; all his wiſhes centring in that one of making his Theophilus in future happy, by a wiſe and virtuous education, ſince he could not leave him any wealth; and we ſhall ſee, what prudent means he pitch'd on to accompliſh what he had in view.

His ſon was hardly nine years old, when he had form'd himſelf to every manly exerciſe, and various uſeful ſciences. As he had always been in motion, and was thoroughly enur'd to labour, he poſſeſs'd a perfect ſtate of health, and being ſatisfied within himſelf, and happy in the affection of his parents, had a conſtant chearfulneſs,

which he communicated to as many as partook of his ſociety.

The little Polydore was ſenſible of this; and from the moment he was ſeparated from Theophilus, till ſuch time as they met again, he knew not what amuſement to make choice of.

To diſpel the irkſomeneſs with which he was tormented, he would eat and drink without the leaſt degree of appetite; and go to bed without a want of ſleep. Hence, therefore, hardly ever did he paſs a ſingle day, without ſome pain or other in his head or bowels.

Mr. Hollis had, as well as Mr. Euſtace, a ſincere deſire to ſee his ſon in future happy; but unfortunately

had recourſe to means, that could not but produce the oppoſite to what he wiſh'd.

Poor Polydore had, from his cradle, been brought up in ſoftneſs. He had conſtantly a ſervant on the watch, to place a chair behind him, and beat up the cuſhion, when he chang'd his place. They dreſs'd him in the morning, and at night undreſs'd him, juſt as if his hands were uſeleſs; and no creature would have fancied, but that thoſe whoſe place it was to be about him, were employ'd to breathe even in his ſtead.

Theophilus was often notic'd in a thin light linen waiſtcoat, hard at work with Mr. Euſtace, in the cultivation of a garden, for the ſake of ex-

ercise; while Polydore, bedizen'd in a rich and gaudy suit of cloaths, was lolling in a coach, and paying visits with his fond Mama.

And, if he even took a ride into the country, and desir'd to air himself upon the grass, his footman constantly took care to bring a carpet from the carriage, which he laid upon the ground, for fear his little master should catch cold.

Accustom'd thus to see his idlest whims prevented, hardly any thing attracted his attention longer than a minute; and the more those round about him sought to gratify those whims, the more they grew upon him.

To ſave Polydore the ſlighteſt cauſe of diſappointment, Mrs. Hollis had commanded all the ſervants to reſpect the very fancies of her ſon; which ſhameful condeſcenſion had, by this time, render'd him ſo headſtrong and imperious, that the people of the houſe deſpis'd and hated him, altho' they durſt not ſay ſo.

Next his parents, Polydore eſteem'd and lov'd Theophilus, but no one elſe; for his eſteem and love enſu'd not from diſcernment, or affection in his nature, but from mercenary motives; ſince Theophilus ſupported his caprices with the greateſt patience, had the art of governing his temper, and could make him no leſs chearful than himſelf.

And how, ſaid Mr. Hollis to Theophilus, one day, do you contrive to ſhew yourſelf ſo uniformly chearful?

How, Sir! nay I know not, ſaid Theophilus. It comes without a reaſon, added he: however, my Papa has often told me, no one can be truly happy, if he does not mix a little labour with his pleaſures. I have always found the truth of this remark, whenever ſtrangers came to viſit us, and, for the ſake of entertaining them, we have not had our uſual work to go through. 'Tis on ſuch occaſions only, I am tir'd and reſtleſs. 'Tis the mixture alſo of ſome exerciſe or other with my recreations, makes me well and hearty: for I neither fear the rain or wind, the ſcorching of the

ſun at noon, or ſharpneſs of the wind at night; and every day have done the greateſt part of what my garden needs, before poor Polydore is well got out of bed.

Theſe words made Mr. Hollis heave a ſigh; and he reſolv'd, that very day, to viſit Mr. Euſtace, and enquire what method he ſhould take with Polydore in future, that might render him as ſtout and hearty as Theophilus.

Theophilus's father, with a deal of pleaſure, anſwer'd all his neighbour's queſtions, and deſcrib'd the plan he had himſelf purſu'd, as follows:

Both the mind and body, would we have them in their ſtate of perfect ſtrength, ſaid Mr. Euſtace, ſhould be

exercis'd alike, or they will prove as uſeleſs as thoſe treaſures that are buried in the earth, unknown to ſuch as have them. Nothing can be ſo compleatly adverſe to the health and happineſs of children, as to bring them up in too much delicacy, and, with cruel condeſcenſion, to indulge their arbitrary and fantaſtical deſires. Take any one, who, in his childhood, has had every fooliſh whim complied with, and what mortifying contradictions muſt not he be ſubject to, his whole life long, when probably, of all the ardent wiſhes he can cheriſh in his heart, it will not be his fortune to ſee one fulfill'd; and when, of courſe, he will be prone to murmur, from a want of reſolution; tho' perhaps he ſhould,

upon the other hand, thank Heaven for thwarting his desires?—To this he added, with a countenance expressive of the greatest heart-felt pleasure, that Theophilus, he had some cause to hope, would not be such a discontented man in future.

Mr. Hollis was affected with his friend's discourse; and, on the spot determin'd to conduct his son to happiness, by such a way as Mr. Eustace recommended.

But alas! it was too late: for Pollydore had now attained the age of twelve. His mind, long since enervated, was utterly unable to sustain such efforts, as in any manner must fatigue its weakness. Mrs. Hollis, irresolute as Mr. Hollis, earnestly

ſought him not to torture any longer
heir beloved one; and he at laſt,
ir'd out with her repeated ſupplica-
ions, was prevailed on to give up the
alutary project he had form'd: and
heir beloved one ſunk deeper, every
ay, in ſoftneſs and effeminacy.

The decay of Polydore's external
rength, and inward underſtanding,
conſtantly increaſed, till he was ſeven-
een years of age. His parents ſent
im now to Oxford, where he meant
o take up his degrees, then enter at
he Temple, and go thro' a courſe of
aw. Theophilus, who was intended
or the ſame profeſſion, ſhortly follow'd
is young friend.

One circumſtance, which I forgot
o mention in its place, is this. Theo-

philus, tho' he poſſeſs'd a fund of learning, never had the benefit of any other maſter than his father; while as many had aſſiſted Polydore, as there were branches it was thought expedient he ſhould learn; of which he had remember'd a few terms. This was the utmoſt profit he had reap'd from ſtudy.

But Theophilus's underſtanding like a ſpacious garden, open upon all ſides to the influence of a ſalutary air and genial ſun, by means of conſtant cultivation, had matur'd the ſeeds his father with ſuch prudence had ſow'd in it.—Rich already in an overflowing ſtock of knowledge, he was conſtantly deſirous of obtaining an increaſe there-

to

to. His diligence, ſobriety, and moral conduct, were as many models for a virtuous emulation in his fellow ſtudents. The benignity peculiar to his ſoul, the great vivacity apparent in his underſtanding, and the chearfulneſs inſeparable from his temper, made him valuable as a member of ſociety. At college every one admired him, and every one was eager to obtain his friendſhip.

Polydore at firſt was glad to have his lodging near Theophilus's; but it was not long before his pride, which really was humbled by the great conſideration and eſteem Theophilus was held in, would not let him be a witneſs to them. From ſome frivolous

pretext or other, therefore, he broke off the acquaintance.

Thus ſurrender'd to himſelf, and ſurfeited in all his inclinations, he was eager after pleaſure, and laid hold of every means that held out its deceitful image! 'Tis not neceſſary any one ſhould know how frequently he bluſh'd in ſecret at himſelf; and how, from one raſh act proceeding to another, he at laſt incurr'd the groſſeſt deviations. I ſhall only mention, that from college he came home, and had the ſeeds of death within his boſom; ſo that having languiſh'd ſix long months upon a bed of ſorrow, he at laſt expir'd in agony.

Theophilus, regreted by his teach-

ers and companions, came from college with a precious treaſure in his heart and underſtanding. With what tranſports was he not receiv'd at home! O children, 'tis a glorious thing to make yourſelves belov'd, and know you are entitled to the love of all about you! Mrs. Euſtace thought herſelf the happieſt woman living, and her huſband often looked upon Theophilus with tears of joy.

An honourable office that fell vacant juſt about that ſeaſon, was conferr'd upon him, to the univerſal ſatisfaction of his fellow citizens, and gave him every opportunity of gratifying his ſincere deſire of being inſtru-

mental to their happineſs, of which himſelf too was partaker.

He devolv'd a portion of his reputation on his parents, who in honour and abundance paſs'd the evening of their life. He paid them back, with uſury, the cares they had evinc'd in his behalf. A beautiful and virtuous wife, with children like himſelf, compleated his enjoyments; and, at any time, when thoſe who knew him wiſh'd to ſpeak of happineſs eſtabliſh'd upon virtue, they would quote Theophilus, as one who was a glorious inſtance of it.

NOTHING SO HARD HEARTED AS SUDDEN PROSPERITY.

ON a beauteous evening in September, Mr. Aimworth iſſu'd from his houſe, to have the pleaſures of a walk, attended by his eldeſt ſon Eugenius, who was come to years of ſome reflection. They both went directly towards the fields and meadows, lying near that quarter of the town, in which they dwelt. The air was undiſturb'd, the ſky ſerene: the mur-

mur of a ſtream by which they walk'd, together with the ruſhing of ſuch trees as were about them, cheriſh'd in the mind a pleaſing vein of contemplation. What a charming evening! ſaid Eugenius, in an extaſy of pleaſure! If you did but know, ſir, what agreeable ſenſations occupy my heart at preſent!—He was ſilent after this a moment, lifted up his eye to Heaven; and while his father ſaw it filling with a tear, cried out, Great God! I thank thy goodneſs for the bounteous evening it beſtows upon us, and could wiſh that all men were partakers of my preſent happineſs. I ſhould be glad to rule a ſpacious kingdom, and diffuſe felicity among all my ſubjects.

Mr. Aimworth tenderly embrac'd

his ſon. My dear Eugenius, he began, the generous wiſh you have expreſs'd, proclaims a heart no leſs exalted than ſuſceptible: but would not then this heart be chang'd, were you to change your ſituation in the world? Would you preſerve in elevation the beneficent idea that at preſent animates you in the ſtate of mediocrity, in which God's providence has plac'd you?

EUGENIUS.

Why do you propoſe me ſuch a queſtion, ſir? as if it were impoſſible I ſhould grow rich, and not become unfeeling?

Mr. AIMWORTH.

Men in elevation do not always, I muſt own, become unfeeling: there

are thoſe who have been ſuddenly made rich, that keep in mind their paſt neceſſities, and are excited by ſuch recollection, to relieve the wants of others: but alas, Eugenius! to the ſhame of human nature be it mention'd, very frequently a change of fortune, changes in our heart the tender feelings and compaſſionate affections it once lodg'd. As long as we ourſelves are in want, we think God's providence impoſes it on all men as a duty to alleviate our diſtreſs; but if it keeps misfortunes from us, we imagine all its views are thoroughly accompliſh'd, and no longer caſt a thought upon thoſe children of affliction of whoſe ſorrows we partake not. Of this truth, we have a ſtri-

king inſtance in that wretched man, who ſometimes comes, you know, to crave my charity, but never gets it without manifeſt reluctance on my part; which, though it be a ſin I ſhould reproach myſelf for, yet I am not ſo far maſter of myſelf as to ſurmount.

EUGENIUS.

Indeed ſir, I have frequently perceiv'd, that in aſſiſting him, you never ſpeak ſo kindly as when other poor men crave your charity.

Mr. AIMWORTH.

I'll let you ſee, Eugenius, if he merits better.—He was once in trade, and though he found it difficult to live, yet ſtill, no poor man ever ſued in vain to his compaſſion. In the

act of ſhowing this compaſſion, lay the only pleaſure he could bring himſelf to buy, and he was happy in the enjoyment of it, though he could not go as far therein as he deſir'd.

His buſineſs call'd him one day upon 'change. While he was waiting there he overheard a group of merchants talking of a great adventure they had join'd to proſecute, and the immenſe advantage they expected from it. Ah, ſaid he within himſelf, and ſigh'd at the idea of his own condition, how extremely happy are theſe people! Did I equal them in wealth, Heaven knows 'twould not be for myſelf alone: the poor ſhould have their part in my good fortune. Full now of ambitious notions, he came home: but how, Eugenius,

could the ſcanty profits of his buſineſs ſatisfy the vaſt deſires he had begun to form. 'Twas ſcarce enough, with the aſſiſtance of a ſtrict œconomy, to get him food and cloaths. I ſhall be always, he cried out, juſt where I am! and fortune has no means to extricate me from the indigence, or mediocrity at leaſt, in which I languiſh!

As it chanc'd, a paper of the day was lying on the counter juſt before him. To divert his thoughts, he took it up, and glancing over the advertiſements, the firſt he ſaw was one of thoſe that hold out every ſpecies of allurement to procure adventurers in the lottery. It began with: *Seven and thirty thouſand pounds for ſixpence*: eagerly he ſeiz'd this op-

portunity, and not reflecting how much inconvenience his avidity might cauſe him, bought the ſixteenth of a ticket with the only guinea he had left him.

How impatiently, Eugenius, did not he get over the twelve following days, which were to paſs before the time of drawing. Sometimes, he repented of his raſhneſs, from the probability of loſing what to him was really conſiderable; and at others, feaſted his imagination with a notion of the wealth, that like a torrent would flow in upon him, if he got a prize. At laſt, the wiſh'd-for day of drawing came.

EUGENIUS.

And did he gain a prize?

Mr. AIMWORTH.

Twelve hundred pounds.

EUGENIUS.

Ah! how rejoic'd he was!

Mr. AIMWORTH.

He ran immediately, received this money at the office, brought it home, and paſs'd a day or two in looking at it. When the pleaſure of the ſight was ſomewhat leſſen'd, he began to think of drawing profit from his treaſure, and accordingly, bought various ſorts of goods, enlarg'd his trade, and by great ſkill and induſtry, ſoon doubled his twelve hundred pounds.

In leſs than ten years' time, he was become the richeſt tradeſman of the pariſh.

One muſt ſay indeed (in commendation of him) he had hitherto been faithful to his vow. He always re-

collected, without bluſhing, his original condition when he ſaw a poor man near him; and the poor man never want away unbenefited. Drawn however by degrees, into the company of faſhionable people, he contracted a ſtrong bent towards diſſipation. He firſt bought himſelf a country houſe with ſpacious gardens, after which, his life became a circle of amuſements. There was not one whim he would not gratify. Of courſe, it was not long, before he found how great a breach his way of life had made in his finances. He had given up buſineſs to purſue the high career of pleaſure, ſo that thence he could obtain no means to ſtop up ſuch a breach. And on the other hand, that bias in him

to a life of luxury, would not permit him to abate a farthing from the amount of his expences. I ſhall always have enough, in ſecret ſaid he, for my own occaſions; and whereas, I have beſtow'd a deal on others, let them look in future to themſelves. This reſolution ſteel'd his heart, and it was ever after ſhut againſt the unfortunate. He heard the cries of want about him, juſt as people hear a tempeſt out of doors, when they themſelves are ſafely ſhelter'd from its fury. He ſent from him unaſſiſted, thoſe dependents, he had hitherto ſubſiſted, ſaying, Have I got a fortune, only to beſtow it upon you! Do juſt as I have done, and you will have enough. His mother, whoſe allowance

he had more than half already lopp'd away, requeſted him to grant her an aſylum in ſome corner of his houſe, that ſhe might live and die, in ſecret; but alas! he had ſo much barbarity as to refuſe her; and with eyes, that did not ſhed one tear, beheld her yield the ghoſt up in deſpair. This crime remain'd not long unpuniſh'd. The luxurious life he led by this time had exhauſted all his wealth, and left him without ſtrength of body neceſſary to obtain a maintainance by toil. He was reduc'd to beggary, aſks a pittance of ſupport from door to door, and is an object of contempt and indignation in the thoughts of all good men.

EUGENIUS.

Ah ſir! ſince fortune poſſibly can

render us ſo wretched, I'll not change my ſituation, but remain exactly as I am.

Mr. AIMWORTH.

My dear Eugenius, that you may do ſo, is my unalterable wiſh: but if the will of Providence ſhould elevate you in the world, I pray you may not be without a generoſity of ſoul. Think often of the ſtory I have told you: learn by ſo affecting an example, that true happineſs is unattainable by thoſe who do not feel for the unfortunate: that men in grandeur ought to ſoften the affliction of their fellow creatures in diſtreſs; and that more joy will be the conſequence of that interior ſatisfaction flowing from the due performance of theſe du-

ties, than what all their vain parade and pomp can give them.

Thus far Mr. Aimworth, while the ſun had now attain'd the horizon, and his parting radiance ting'd the clouds about him, that appear'd like purple curtains round his bed: all nature breath'd tranquillity and peace; the birds, repeating their laſt ſong, united in a thouſand tuneful voices, and the foliage round about them, by its ruſtling with the weſtern breezes, ſeem'd to mingle with the concert. Every thing inſpir'd ſenſations of delight, but Mr. Aimworth and Eugenius far from feeling thoſe ſoft thoughts they had at firſt experienc'd, enter'd their abode with ſomething like ideas of a melancholy kind within them.

BENEFITS
THE
NOBLEST VENGEANCE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. CURTIS.

ALBERT, } *his children.*
SERAPHINA, }

LEON, *Albert's friend.*

RUFFHEAD, *Albert and Leon's acquaintance.*

The Scene is in one of Mr. Curtis's apartments.

BENEFITS THE NOBLEST VENGEANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SERAPHINA, *(alone,)*

ALAS, dear Cloe! ſorrow for your loſs prevents the motion of my needle, and without you, every thing goes

wrong. 'Twas here ſhe us'd to ly aſleep beſide me, in this little baſket, while I work'd. What pleaſure for us both when ſhe awoke! ſhe ran about till ſhe was giddy, ſhaking all the while her bell, and friſk'd beneath the ſopha, chairs, and table, jumping every now and then from one to t'other. How delighted when I preſs'd her to my boſom! how ſhe lick'd my hand and cheek, and ſhow'd me her affection! What a loſs, if I am never more to ſee her! and what grief!—'Twas not my fault; 'twas owing to that giddy brain'd——

ALBERT, (*coming in, and having heard the two or three laſt words,*)

So, ſo: I find, dear Seraphina, you were juſt about to mention me.

SERAPHINA.

And who then, ſhould I mention, Albert? if you had not been ſo obſtinate as to inſiſt on taking Chloe out laſt night, ſhe would not have been loſt.

ALBERT.

That's true indeed; and I am no leſs ſorry than yourſelf: but how can I undo my fault?

SERAPHINA.

You know, I begg'd you would not take her out; but you could never ſtir without her at your heels.

ALBERT.

I grant it. I had ſo much pleaſure when I ſaw her running, firſt before, and then behind me! ſometimes ſhe

would dart along as if I meant to beat her; and at other times come back, as ſwift as thought, and fling herſelf into my arms.

SERAPHINA.

You ſhould have therefore been more careful not to loſe her.

ALBERT.

Should have been ſo! I acknowledge that: but pray, dear Seraphina, as you know ſhe was accuſtom'd to go to and fro without the need of any one to watch her, how could I ſuppoſe—

SERAPHINA.

Suppoſe! you're always ſure of every thing, and therefore Chloe's loſt.

ALBERT.

Another time, dear ſiſter, I ſincerely promiſe—

SERAPHINA.

Yes, another time, when we have nothing more to loſe! I could not ſleep a quarter of an hour all night for dreaming of her. I imagin'd ſhe was calling me a great way off. I thought I ran on that ſide where I heard her cry, but woke, and found myſelf alone. I'm ſure, ſhe's no leſs griev'd herſelf than I am.

ALBERT.

And for my part, I am doubly ſorry for my fault, ſince you lament poor Chloe as you do; and wiſh, I could but get her back again for every thing I have.

SERAPHINA.

But brother, can't you tell, at leaſt, the ſtreet in which you loſt her? for in that caſe, we could ſend and ask of every perſon living in, or near it.

ALBERT.

I would lay a wager ſhe came back into our ſtreet, and even very near the houſe. You know, ſhe pokes her noſe in every creek and corner, as ſhe goes along, and therefore ſome one muſt have kept her, where ſhe enter'd.

SERAPHINA.

Yes indeed, I think as you do there; for otherwiſe, ſhe would have certainly come home; ſhe knows the way ſo well.

ALBERT.

Young Leon, who was with me, ſays he's ſure he ſaw her, not a minute's time before I miſs'd her. It was he occaſion'd all this miſchief. He was playing, as he walk'd along, ſo many monkey tricks, that I forgot to have an eye on Chloe.

SERAPHINA.

'Twas his duty to aſſiſt you then, in ſeeking her.

ALBERT.

And ſo he did all yeſternight, and early too this morning. We went into every ſquare and court, and made enquiry at the market. After which we poſted round to all our friends, but could not get the leaſt good tidings of her. Deareſt ſiſter, I

can't look you in the face, and you have reaſon to be angry with me.

SERAPHINA, (*holding out her hand,*)

No: I am not angry: your intention was not to occaſion me uneaſineſs; and then you are yourſelf ſo much afflicted.—But there's ſome one coming up. See who it is.

SCENE II.

SERAPHINA, ALBERT, and LEON.

LEON, (*opening the door,*)

'TIS I, 'tis I—Good morning to you, dear Miſs Seraphina.

SERAPHINA.

I am glad to ſee you, Maſter Leon.

LEON.

Well; I've got ſome ſcent of Chloe; and I hope ——

SERAPHINA.

To get her back again?

LEON.

I don't ſay quite ſo much as that: but hear me. Don't you know Miſs, there's a fruit ſtall, at the corner of the ſtreet, where Goody what d'ye call her—

SERAPHINA.

And has *ſhe* got CHLOE?

LEON.

No, no; ſhe's an honeſt woman, and a friend of mine; but Albert,

don't you recollect, poor Chloe alſo wiſh'd to ſcrape acquaintance with her, when ſhe put her two fore-paws on Goody's table, and began to ſmell her cakes?

ALBERT.

Yes, I remember that. Poor Chloe came off badly there; for ſhe got nothing but a knock upon the noſe from Madam, with her thick furr'd glove.

SERAPHINA.

But, brother, let that matter reſt; and go you on, good Leon.

LEON.

Well, I ſtopp'd juſt now for ſomething at her ſtall, and mention'd what misfortune you had met with, having loſt your greyhound.—What! that little whelp, ſaid ſhe——

SERAPHINA.

Whelp, Maſter Leon! Pray don't call my Chloe ſo. I had much rather you'd not ſpeak at all about her.

LEON.

But I only tell you what the woman ſaid—That little whelp, ſhe anſwer'd, that belongs to ſuch and ſuch a pretty gentleman, your friend? Yes *that*, I told her. Well then, ſhe went on, you know another little gentleman that lives below there, at the great balcony; he has got her.

ALBERT.

What, young Ruffhead!

LEON.

Yes; and don't you recollect, we ſaw him yeſterday at Goody's fruit-

ſtall, as we paſs'd it; when he made believe as if he did not ſee us, from a fear, no doubt, he ſhould be forc'd to give us ſomething.

ALBERT.

Yes; I recollect it now.

LEON.

It ſeems, when we had got a few ſteps off, he call'd to Chloe, held her out a bit of gingerbread, and while ſhe thought of nothing but a treat, what then does Ruffhead, but that inſtant whip her up, and hurry home? The good old woman told me this herſelf, and ſaid ſhe ſaw him.

SERAPHINA.

Oh the wicked creature! but at leaſt however, we can tell who has her

her; and ſo brother, you have nothing now to do, but pay a viſit to this Ruffhead.

LEON.

I'm afraid you'll loſe your labour. Ruffhead certainly will ſell her, as he does his books, and every thing beſides. He's capable of any little villainy. We play'd the other day at tennis, and he cheated me.

ALBERT.

You don't ſay ſo? but though he ſhould deſign to ſell the greyhound, ſtill I'll run, and have a little converſation with him.

LEON.

But he's not at home at preſent. I was juſt now at his houſe myſelf.

SERAPHINA.

Perhaps he only bade the ſervant ſay ſo.

LEON.

No, indeed. I was in every chamber of the houſe to ſeek him; and at laſt left notice I had come to have another game at tennis, and would wait his coming at your houſe, if he had no objection to come hither.

SERAPHINA.

But he'll never dare preſent himſelf before us, if he really has ſtole our Chloe!

LEON.

O, you're not acquainted with his impudence! He'll come on purpoſe to avoid ſuſpicion: but you'll ſee I'll pull his maſque off.

SERAPHINA.

We muſt act diſcreetly in the matter, and obtain the ſecret from him by ſome clever management on our ſide, if we can but do it.

LEON.

Look ye; all the clever management we need, is to inform him, the firſt word we utter, he's a thief and villain.

ALBERT.

No, no, friend: that only would create a quarrel, and Papa will have no quarrels at his houſe. In my idea, gentle words will ſooneſt work upon him.

SERAPHINA.

And perhaps he does not know the dog is our's?

LEON.

As if he had not ſeen her daily with your brother! he has play'd himſelf a hundred times with Chloe, and has ſtole her now to get a little money. I am well acquainted with his tricks, believe me.

ALBERT.

Peace! I hear a tread. And poſſibly 'tis Ruffhead.—Yes; I'm not miſtaken.

RUFFHEAD, (*entering*,)

Leon, I was told at home, you called to have another game at tennis. —Ah! good morrow, Albert: Miſs, your moſt obedient.

SERAPHINA.

Mr. Ruffhead, you are happy; nothing vexes you. You're going to

divert yourſelf, while we are forc'd to ſtay at home and fret.

RUFFHEAD.

Why, what's the matter, Miſs?

SERAPHINA.

Our little Chloe's loſt.

RUFFHEAD.

Ah, that's a pity! ſhe was very handſome! her whole body of an aſh-grey colour; her breaſt, paws and tail, milk white, and here and there a ſpot or two of black. I'm very ſorry. She was worth, at leaſt, two guineas.

SERAPHINA.

You remember her ſo perfectly! pray could not you aſſiſt in ſeeking her?

RUFFHEAD.

Do you conſider me a dog-ſurveyor, Miſs? or did you give me your's to look to?

ALBERT.

It was not my ſiſter's meaning to affront you, Mr. Ruffhead.

SERAPHINA.

O, by no means. It was nothing but a queſtion among friends. You live, you know, ſo near us; and 'tis here about we loſt her. I was really in hopes you might have told us ſomething of her.

LEON.

Certainly, we could not have addreſs'd ourſelves more properly!

RUFFHEAD.

And what pray, Leon, do you mean by that?

LEON.

What you ought to know much better than myſelf, tho' I am well acquainted with the whole.

RUFFHEAD.

If my reſpect for Miſs——

LEON.

O, give her thanks yourſelf, that ſhe prevents me from chaſtiſing *you*, ſir.

ALBERT, (*getting between Leon and Ruffhead,*)

Softly, Leon; or our dog is loſt.

SERAPHINA, (*coming between them likewiſe,*)

If, as you ſay, you have ſo much reſpect for me, good Mr. Ruffhead, hear me, and make anſwer to my queſtion with a yes or no.

LEON.

Aye, aye, and truly.

SERAPHINA.

Can't you tell us, where our Chloe is?

RUFFHEAD, (*out of countenance,*)

I tell you where ſhe is?

LEON.

You're diſconcerted, and I'm ſure you have her. Nay, I know the whole tranſaction; for you held her out a piece of gingerbread, and ſtole her.

RUFFHEAD.

And who told you this fine ſtory?

LEON.

One that ſaw you.

SERAPHINA.

I intreat you'd tell us, Mr. Ruffhead, is this true or falſe?

RUFFHEAD.

And tho' I ſhould have held your Chloe out a piece of gingerbread, or taken notice of her, does it follow thence I ſtole her, or can tell you where ſhe is?

SERAPHINA.

Nor do we ſay you can. We only aſk a queſtion; and you're free to anſwer yes or no.

ALBERT.

Or very poſſibly, you may have kept her for a night, to have a little ſport, by giving us ſome pain, that you may make us afterwards the happier.

RUFFHEAD.

Do you think our houſe a dog-houſe, ſir?

LEON.

What impudence!

RUFFHEAD.

Good Mr. Leon, 'tis not you I have to do with now; and be as much as you think fit, an advocate for greyhounds, I'll not anſwer you.

LEON.

Becauſe I've found you out!

SERAPHINA.

Dear Leon, ſoftly. You've been miſinformed. I can't imagine Mr. Ruffhead would be guilty of ſuch meanneſs, as to keep our greyhound, had he found her.

ALBERT.

I am ſure had he loſt any thing, and I could give him tidings of it, I ſhould really rejoice to do ſo. There-

fore he ſhould not affect to be offended at my ſiſter's queſtion.

RUFFHEAD.

But I *am* offended, and will make complaint about it to your father.

LEON.

Rather come and face the woman at the corner; for 'tis ſhe accuſes you.—Come, come; we'll go together.

RUFFHEAD.

You do very well, indeed, to credit ſuch a wither'd goſſip!

LEON.

But this wither'd goſſip has both eyes and ears; and I'll believe her ſooner, ſir, than you.

RUFFHEAD.

I ſhan't put up with ſuch an inſult; and you'll ſee that quickly.

SCENE III.

SERAPHINA, ALBERT, LEON.

LEON.

WHAT a liar! I would lay my head he has the dog: for did not you obſerve how much he ſeem'd embarraſs'd, when I poſitively told him ſo?

SERAPHINA.

I can't yet think he has: he would, in that caſe, be a barefac'd thief.

LEON.

You can't think ſo, becauſe you are ſo juſt yourſelf; but I'll believe whatever black report I hear concerning him.

SERAPHINA.

However, I muſt own him very rude, in not returning us a civil answer.

LEON.

Had not you been preſent, Miſs, I would have pull'd his ears a little for him.

ALBERT.

Good! why, he's a whole head taller, friend, than you are.

LEON.

Were he twice as tall, I'd lay you any wager he's a coward. Did not you obſerve, he grew more impudent, the more polite you ſhow'd yourſelves, but took a milder tone when I inſiſted on his theft. I'll therefore follow him, and get your Chloe back, I war-

rant, in whatever corner of the hou he may have hid her.

SERAPHINA.

My dear friend, your trouble woul be uſeleſs; and once more I tell you I can never think him ſuch a thie We live ſo near each other, he coul never hope to keep the robbery a ſe cret.

ALBERT.

Poſſibly indeed, if he were guilty he might go and kill her, and prevent us from convicting him of falſehoo by that method.

LEON.

No, no, Albert, he will never kil her: he has ſtole her, take my word on't, for the money ſhe'll procure him

SERAPHINA.

Oh my patience! what a notion have you of him!

LEON.

No way worſe than what he merits; and I hope I ſhall convince you quickly of it. (*He goes out.*)

ALBERT.

Leon takes up things too warmly, and turns mole-hills into mountains. If they meet, however, with each other, I'm extremely glad they won't be here to quarrel.

SERAPHINA.

Our Papa, in that caſe, would have finely leſſon'd us. I fancy, brother, Leon is a little of the buſy body. We're oblig'd, indeed, to his intentions; but I'm ſorry he ſhould rather

wiſh to be reveng'd on Ruffhead, than ſerve us.

ALBERT.

'Tis true, indeed, he likes to interfere in every quarrel, and has done us much more harm than good. If Ruffhead really has ſtolen Chloe, he would ſurely have reſtor'd her rather for good words, than threatning ſpeeches: but here comes Papa.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

SERAPHINA, ALBERT, Mr. CURTIS.

Mr. CURTIS.

WHAT have you been doing then to Ruffhead? He came to me, juſt this moment, in my ſtudy, and complain'd of you in ſome ſort, but eſpecially of Leon, who accus'd him, as he ſays, of ſtealing Chloe. Is the greyhound loſt then?

ALBERT.

Yes indeed, Papa. I was not willing to inform you of it, hoping every moment ſhe might poſſibly come home again. 'Tis I have been the cauſe of

this unhappineſs, that loſt her in the ſtreet laſt night.

SERAPHINA.

Indeed, Papa, you can't imagine how much I regret the little creature! I was crying all night long, not having her beſide me!

Mr. CURTIS.

Happily, 'tis nothing but a dog you've loſt; and people ſuffer every day much greater loſſes. We ſhould learn betimes to bear our diſappointments patiently.—But Albert, why not take more care of Chloe?

ALBERT.

You are right, Papa; the fault was wholly mine. I ſhould have left her ſafe at home; or elſe not ſuffer'd her

to ramble out of ſight, ſince ſhe was in my charge. But more particularly, I lament the matter with regard to Seraphina; for the little thing was her's much more than mine.

SERAPHINA.

I cannot entertain the leaſt ill-will againſt my brother. I have frequently offended him, without deſigning ſo to do; and he has always pardon'd it.

Mr. CURTIS.

Embrace me, Seraphina. I am glad to find you can endure a diſappointment with ſuch patience; but ſtill much more ſo, to ſee you free from every grudge tow'rds him, who has occaſion'd you ſuch diſappointment.

SERAPHINA.

My poor brother is already puniſh'd more a great deal than he ſhould be, for his negligence; ſince Chloe was as dear to him as me, and all his entainment. He has, likewiſe, the additional regret of having caus'd my ſorrow.

Mr. CURTIS.

Keep, dear children, always keep theſe ſentiments in favour of each other: keep them too, in favour of your fellow-creatures; for they likewiſe are your brethren. I know people, that for ſuch a trifle would have thruſt an honeſt ſervant out of his employment!

SERAPHINA.

Heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a

domeſtic! a brute animal to one of our own ſpecies!

Mr. CURTIS.

Why are not mankind in general all like *you*, my Seraphina? No one, then, would rather chuſe a miſerable child ſhould ſuffer cold or hunger, than a favourite dog: and weep at the diſorder of a fondled ſpaniel, but with great indifference ſee a wretched orphan, totally abandon'd by all nature.

SERAPHINA, *(ſighing,)*

Oh, Papa!

Mr. CURTIS.

In recompence of the idea that has call'd forth ſo benevolent a ſigh, I promiſe you a dog, as pretty to the

full as Chloe, if you have not the good fortune to recover her.

SERAPHINA.

No, thank you. I have ſuffer'd, ſir, enough already for her loſs; and would not chuſe to have another. 'Twill be better, I ſhould not expoſe myſelf again to ſuch affliction.

Mr. CURTIS.

Nay, dear Seraphina; now you carry it too far. At that rate, we ſhould then renounce the greateſt pleaſure upon earth, the enjoyment of a friend, by fearing to make choice of one, ſince death or abſence might deprive us of him. Nothing is indeed more natural, than to conceive affection for a charming little creature,

ſuch as Chloe; and in you 'twould be a ſpecies of ingratitude——

SERAPHINA.

Yes, ſir, ſhould I refrain from thinking of her, now I've loſt her.

Mr. CURTIS.

What a little comforts me in this misfortune is, the fortitude of mind you cannot but acquire, if you think proper, from it; to ſupport, when neceſſary, greater evils. Every thing on earth is liable, my children, to eſcape us, juſt in the ſame manner; and 'tis wiſdom, if betimes we can enure ourſelves to ſuch privations, as would otherwiſe be follow'd by the greateſt anguiſh.—But to re aſſume the occaſion of my coming hither, it

appears you've both mal-treated Ruffhead.

SERAPHINA.

No; not we Papa: for, on the other hand, we queſtion'd him as gently as we could. 'Twas Leon, who addreſs'd him rather, we muſt own, too roughly.

Mr. CURTIS.

Well; and what was his reply?

ALBERT.

A little awkward: he was even diſconcerted in his anſwer to the firſt plain queſtion from my ſiſter.

SERAPHINA.

Yes, indeed: but you, Papa; do you imagine he would be ſo impudent as to deny his ſtealing Chloe, had he actually done ſo?

Mr. CURTIS.

I can't anſwer poſitively ſuch a queſtion; but muſt own, the embarraſſment you ſpeak of, could not be a ſign of perfect innocence. However, to omit no prudent ſtep reſpecting Chloe, we muſt put her in to-morrow's Daily Advertiſer.

ALBERT.

But, Papa: if Ruffhead in reality has got the dog, 'twill be in vain to advertiſe her.

Mr. CURTIS.

That's by no means certain: for a dog muſt be ſupported; and you know your greyhound neither is ſo little, or ſo quiet, that wherever ſhe may be, ſhe can be hid from every

body. Nay, there may be ſome do-
meſtic in his houſe ſo honeſt, as to
favour us with tidings of her, if the
thing ſhould be as you ſuſpect. I
won't have any thing to do with Ruſ-
head's father; for I know too well
his churliſh temper. He is vexed be-
ſides that I forbid you any cloſe con-
nection with his family; and there-
fore we muſt wait what comes of our
advertiſement.

SERAPHINA.

I ſhould not be without ſome ex-
pectations, could I promiſe a reward
to any one who were to bring me
home the dog.

Mr. CURTIS.

I'll take that matter on myſelf

Come Albert. In my ſtudy I'll draw up, this moment, a deſcription of the creature, and then give it to you, to carry for inſertion.

SERAPHINA.

O what joy for both myſelf and Chloe, ſhould we ever come again together!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ALBERT, (*entering joyfully on one ſide,*)

SISTER! ſiſter!

SERAPHINA, (*running to him from the other,*)

What's the matter, brother? You ſeem very joyful. Any news of Chloe?

ALBERT.

No indeed: I'm happier!—Look

what I pick'd up this moment on the pavement, juſt before our door. (*He gives her an etwee.*)

SERAPHINA, (*opening it.*)

What! a diamond ring! and pick'd it up?—But where's the middle ſtone?

ALBERT.

'Twas taken out, and wrapp'd up in a paper by itſelf.—See, here it is.—Obſerve it in the light.—How brilliant!—My Papa's is not ſo bright.

SERAPHINA.

I pity him ſincerely that has loſt it!

ALBERT.

Aye indeed. He's much worſe off than if it had been nothing but a grey-hound.

SERAPHINA.

O, I don't know that. My little Chloe was ſo full of her careſſes, and

ſo handſome!—We remember when the pretty thing was pupp'd.—When I reflect upon the hourly pleaſure we enjoy'd in ſeeing her grow bigger, fondling her, and being fondled by her, I am ſure the fineſt ring upon my finger, never would have given me ſo much pleaſure.

ALBERT.

But this ring would buy a hundred grey-hounds, ſiſter!

SERAPHINA.

True; but then not one of them would be my Chloe. He, to whom the ring belong'd, perhaps has ſeveral others left; and I had only that one grey-hound, ſo that I am probably much more to be lamented.

ALBERT.

He muſt certainly be very rich that loſt it: for no other could poſſeſs ſo fine a jewel.

SERAPHINA.

And yet brother, may it not have been a jeweller? or, what's ſtill worſe, ſome ſervant that was going with it to be mended? I'm afraid ſo, from the middle diamond being out; in either caſe, but more eſpecially the laſt, how much anxiety muſt not his loſs occaſion him!

ALBERT.

You're in the right indeed; and now, I'm ſorry I have found it. I muſt go and aſk Papa's directions what to do;—but here he is.

SCENE II.

ALBERT, SERAPHINA and Mr. CURTIS.

Mr. CURTIS.

WELL, Albert, will the advertiſement appear to-morrow?

ALBERT.

I have not been to the office yet, Papa. See here the reaſon. 'Tis a ring I've found upon the pavement juſt before our door.

Mr. CURTIS, (*viewing the ring,*)

Indeed! the ſtones are brilliants; and the looſe one's very precious!

ALBERT.

Is it not, Papa! I think I have reaſon

reaſon, after having been ſo lucky, to forget a little while my ſiſter's dog?

Mr. CURTIS.

Yes, yes, if it were your's, I grant you.—But you don't intend to keep it?

ALBERT.

If the owner ſhould not ſhow himſelf?——

Mr. CURTIS.

Did any body ſee you pick it up?

ALBERT.

No, ſir.

SERAPHINA.

For my part, I ſhould have no peace till I had found the perſon it belongs to.

ALBERT.

Let me know but who he is, and I'll not keep the ring a moment. Out upon it! Should I wiſh to keep the ring, it would be juſt as bad as having ſtole it! Every one ſhould have his property return'd him.

Mr. CURTIS.

If the owner ſhould appear, I fancy Albert you will not, in that caſe, be ſo merry-hearted!

ALBERT.

Dear Papa! why not? At firſt, indeed, I only thought how lucky I had been in finding ſuch a valuable jewel, and conſider'd it my own: but Seraphina, ſir, has made me ſenſible, how much anxiety the loſer may be poſſibly enduring: and believe me, I ſhall feel

myſelf much happier in relieving his anxiety, than being maſter of the ring, which could not fail to make me bluſh, whenever I look'd at it.

SERAPHINA.

There is ſo much pleaſure in relieving thoſe who ſuffer! Therefore I can hardly think that either Ruff-head, or whoever may have got my dog, will be ſo wicked as to keep the creature, when he knows how ſadly I regret her.

Mr. CURTIS, *(embracing them,)*

Innocent and lovely little beings! O my children! how ſincerely I rejoice that I can call myſelf your father! Cheriſh in your heart theſe generous notions. They will conſti-

tute *your* happineſs, and that of every one you are connected with!

SERAPHINA.

You give us an example in yourſelf, Papa; and how could we think differently?

ALBERT.

O, I'll ſhow my ring to every body; and to-morrow, if you pleaſe, Papa, give notice we have loſt a dog, and found a ring.

Mr. CURTIS.

Such notice may not be amiſs: but with reſpect to ſhowing, as you ſay, the ring in public—ſoftly there. In every thing you muſt conduct yourſelf with caution: for no doubt, there might be people who would claim the ring, tho' none of theirs.

SERAPHINA.

For my part, I would be as cunning to the full as they. I'd aſk 'em firſt, before I ſhow'd the ring, its make, and faſhion, and not give it up, to any one that ſhould not be exact in its deſcription.

Mr. CURTIS.

Neither might that method be too ſure; for ſome one may have ſeen it on the owner's finger, and in that caſe might come here before him to demand it.

SERAPHINA.

I perceive, Papa, you know a great deal more than we.

Mr. CURTIS.

The object is of too much value,

that the owner ſhould not have recourſe himſelf to every method, for recovering it, and more particularly, that of advertiſing: we muſt therefore wait.

ALBERT.

But if he ſhould not think of advertiſing?

SERAPHINA.

We ourſelves, you know, thought of it for a grey-hound. Surely then, he will not fail to do ſo for a diamond.

Mr. CURTIS.

In the interval, I'll keep the ring; and therefore, ſpeak not you a word to any one about it. (*He goes out.*)

ALBERT.

'Tis an awkward ſituation, notwithſtanding, to be tongue-tied, ha-

ving ſuch fine things to ſay! I ſhould have been quite happy to ſhow every one I paſs'd, my luck.

SERAPHINA.

Why ſo, dear brother? ſure, there's no great merit in the circumſtance of finding any thing, however great its value, lying in the ſtreet!

ALBERT.

That's true indeed: and yet 'tis alſo true, I find it hard to hold my tongue.

SERAPHINA.

They tell us, women are inclin'd to ſpeak of every thing they know. So pray let's ſee, on this occaſion, whether you or I will prove moſt prudent.

ALBERT.

Willingly; and that the ſecret may not be ſo likely to eſcape me, I'll take up my thoughts with Chloe; and go leave the advertiſement in Fleet-ſtreet; where, I'm told, they print the paper.

SERAPHINA.

Do: but who is here? What, Leon!

SCENE III.

ALBERT, SERAPHINA, and LEON.

LEON, (*to Albert, who is going out,*)

ALBERT, why in ſuch a hurry?

ALBERT.

I have very preſſing buſineſs.

LEON.

Well; before you leave us, you muſt hear a ſtory I've to tell you. It will make you die of laughing, (*he laughs himſelf*) ha! ha! ha!

ALBERT.

Your ſervant! but I'm not diſpos'd to laugh at preſent.

LEON.

But you *will* be: only hear me.—You are well aveng'd.

SERAPHINA.

Aveng'd! and pray on whom?

LEON.

On Ruff head. He has loſt a diamond ring belonging to his father. *(he laughs a ſecond time)* ha! ha! ha!

SERAPHINA, *(after ſhe and Albert have exchang'd a look or two,)*

A diamond ring!

LEON.

Yes, yes: A diamond ring I tell you. It appears, his father bid him go this morning with it to a jeweller, and have the middle ſtone re-ſet, which had a little while before dropp'd out.

ALBERT, (*joggs his ſiſter by the elbow; and this laſt makes ſigns for Albert to be ſilent,*)

He had it, he is certain, in his pocket, when he enter'd here: But, in his agitation after he had left us, ſome how or another, how he does not know, he dropp'd it, caſe and all, as he ſuppoſes, on the pavement.

SERAPHINA.

Have you ſeen him ſince his loſs? He muſt be very much affected!

LEON.

O! he's like a ghoſt!

ALBERT.

Ah ſiſter!

SERAPHINA, (*impoſing ſilence,*)

Hear the end then. And pray,

Leon, has he told his father of his loſs?

LEON.

Ah—There again he's in another ſcrape, by having told him an untruth: for when his father aſk'd, if he had left the ring at Mr. ſuch-a-one's, he anſwer'd without any heſitation, he *had* left it. Ha! ha! ha!

SERAPHINA.

Poor Ruffhead!

LEON,

Why, you pity him, I fancy!

SERAPHINA.

Does not he deſerve, I ſhould?

LEON.

What! pity him! I wiſh you had been by, to ſee how I ſtood laughing at him.

SERAPHINA.

What then, was there, pray, ſo comical, about him ?

LEON.

Can you aſk me ! 'Twas the higheſt fun to ſee him poſting up and down from ſhop to ſhop, and laying hold of every perſon in the way, for tidings of his ring. I follow'd him, and every now and then, burſt out a laughing, he was ſo much frighten'd ; He came back, obſerving me behind him.—Have you ſeen a ring, good Mr. Leon, or heard any thing about one ? he began. A ring ? ſays I. Am I a ring-ſurveyor ? If you knew how much 'twas worth !—The better then for him that finds it.—And my father, what will he ſay to me ?—Why, he'll

take a ſtick, and break your bones I hope.

SERAPHINA.

O fie upon it, Leon, how could you find it in your heart to be ſo cruel?

LEON.

Had he any pity upon you?

SERAPHINA.

But we muſt not be wicked, even to ſuch as are themſelves ſo.

LEON.

O revenge is ſweet! and I can never pardon thoſe that do me any wrong. If I had found his ring, he ſhould not have it very ſoon again.

SERAPHINA.

And would you keep it?

LEON.

No: but then, he ſhould not ſet

his eyes upon it, till his father had well thraſh'd him for his negligence.

ALBERT.

Why, Leon, I ſhould never have ſuppos'd you ſo unfeeling.

SERAPHINA.

And for my part, though I hear him ſay he is, I cannot.—Mr. Leon, you were griev'd ſo much for Chloe: it was all pretended then?

LEON.

No, Miſs, my heart felt for you. Thoſe I love, I love ſincerely: but as many as I hate, I hate in earneſt. (*Seeing Ruffhead enter,*) Ha! as I imagin'd! here he is. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

RUFFHEAD, (*in tears,*)

For Heaven's ſake, dear young

lady, Mr. Albert, pardon me if after having anſwer'd you ſo coarſely, on the loſs of Chloe, I come here to aſk if you have found a ring about your houſe, for I have loſt one, and ſuppoſe it not impoſſible I might have dropp'd it here, or hereabout. Forgive my impoliteneſs; for indeed, I'm at this moment the unhappieſt—

LEON.

Have you printed bills, and offer'd a reward to any one that finds your ring?

RUFFHEAD.

My father only can reward the finder, and I dare not ſee him—Where ſhall I conceal myſelf?

LEON.

LEON.

Well now, would I lay any wager, this ſame ring is gone to whip itſelf round Chloe's tail; and that the one will certainly be found with t'other.

RUFFHEAD.

I confeſs I merit well theſe jeſts; but ſtill for pity's ſake—

ALBERT.

Compoſe yourſelf: we're pretty confident you have our Chloe: but however that be, neither I, nor Seraphina think of Chloe any longer, and can't bear to ſee you ſo diſtreſs'd. —Your ring is here.

RUFFHEAD, *(aſtoniſh'd,)*

And have you got it?—You?

(*clasping Albert,*) Dear friend, you bring me back to life.

LEON, (*whispering Seraphina,*)

He tells him he has got it!—Right! —To mortify him more.—Ha! ha! —that thought's a good one!

RUFFHEAD.

But dear Albert, is it true?—Upon my knees;—but no;—I must before hand tell you all my wickedness. (*He goes out.*)

SERAPHINA.

And what does Ruffhead mean? Methinks he ran away!

LEON (*to Albert,*)

This joke may notwithstanding, cost you dear, if Ruffhead should go tell his father, you have got the

diamond, and this laſt come here to claim it of you.

ALBERT.

Do you think I'd keep it?

LEON.

What! and have you really the ring?

ALBERT.

Undoubtedly! or elſe, I would not have inform'd him it was here. I found it on the pavement, juſt before our door.

LEON.

O, you're too good indeed; and Ruffhead does not merit ſo much happineſs. However, had I found the ring, I would have kept him ſomewhat longer than you've done, in pain.

SERAPHINA.

How's this! and does not the example of my brother, move you? Poſſibly you don't imagine, you may loſe a deal of his affection, and my friendſhip, by ſuch want of pity.

SCENE IV.

ALBERT, SERAPHINA, LEON, Mr. CURTIS.

Mr. CURTIS.

WHAT did Ruffhead want juſt now? I ſaw him from my ſtudy window, enter, as I thought, in tears.

SERAPHINA.

The poor boy, Sir, was really half dead!

ALBERT.

'Tis he, Papa, has loſt the diamond; 'tis his father's.

Mr. CURTIS.

Really! I'm glad then, it was you that found it: but inform me, did you ſhow him the unworthineſs of his behaviour tow'rds you?

LEON.

No, Sir: not a ſingle word of that; and Chloe's name was hardly mention'd: for my part, I would have at leaſt exacted he ſhould firſt of all produce the dog, or not have had his ring.

ALBERT.

I could not, dear Papa, hold out a moment longer. I was griev'd to ſee poor Ruffhead ſo diſtreſs'd.

SERAPHINA.

Altho' indeed, I lov'd the grey-hound, yet I could not think of our misfortune, when he ſaid he knew not where he ſhould conceal himſelf for fear, as he expreſs'd it, of his father. At that moment, I was perfectly inſenſible of every thing, but his affliction.

Mr. CURTIS.

You have both behav'd yourſelves moſt admirably, and are therefore my ſweet children, my dear friends, my joy and happineſs. There would have been a real baſeneſs, if inſtead of

pitying, you had cruelly inſulted a diſtreſs'd and fallen enemy. But, where is Ruffhead gone? Why did not he deſire to have the ring, before he went?

SERAPHINA.

He ran, Sir, to the door, as if he had been quite beſide himſelf.

ALBERT.

Ah, dear Papa! if you could know how glad I am, that you approve of what my ſiſter and myſelf have done!

Mr. CURTIS.

Could either of you think, I ſhould condemn ſo generous an act!

ALBERT.

But, after you had juſt forbid us—

Mr. CURTIS.

Recollect, I had forbid your ſpeak-

ing of the ring without neceſſity: but when the owner was made known, I did not bid you then conceal your having found it.

SCENE the Laſt.

ALBERT, SERAPHINA, LEON, Mr. CURTIS, and RUFFHEAD, (*bringing in the greyhound.*)

SERAPHINA, (*burſting out with joy,*) AH, my dear, dear Chloe! (*She runs to Ruffhead, and in tranſport, catches hold of Chloe.*)

RUFFHEAD.

You pereeive how wicked I have been, and little worthy of your generoſity; but can you overlook my theft? (*perceiving Mr. Curtis,*) O, Sir! how great a monſter ſtands before you!

Mr. CURTIS.

We no longer merit ſuch a name, when we confeſs our faults; and ſeek to make atonement for them.—Here's your father's ring.

RUFFHEAD.

I bluſh with ſhame, for having robb'd, and otherwiſe ill-treated two ſuch generous children! What a difference there is between them and me! how wicked I! but on the other hand how generous they!

SERAPHINA.

'Twas nothing but a wiſh to have ſome diverſion when you witneſs'd our anxiety in miſſing Chloe, that induc'd you to conceal her, Mr. Ruffhead; and you would not, I am ſure, have let the day conclude without returning her.

RUFFHEAD.

You think too kindly of me. I had hid her in a garret, and——

Mr. CURTIS.

Enough: we would not hear the reſt. 'Tis perfectly ſufficient you repent of what you did. You ſee, my little friend, by what has happen'd to yourſelf, how hateful wicked actions make us both to God and man, and how they

are at laſt diſcovered. I dare alſo ſet before you, as a good example, the behaviour of my children.—Generous little creatures! what unfeigned thanks I give to Heaven for what it has poſſeſs'd me of in you! The nobleſt and the ſafeſt vengeance, you may ſee, is that of benefits; for nothing is ſo worthy a great heart, as to return bad offices with good ones.

RUFFHEAD.

I am perfectly convinc'd of this myſelf, and only grieve I could not ſee it ſooner. (*To Seraphina and Albert,*) Can you ever pardon me!

ALBERT, (*embracing Ruffhead,*)

Yes, ye, this moment; and with all my heart.

SERAPHINA, *(holding out her hand,)*

I've found my Chloe; and the paſt is utterly forgot.

RUFFHEAD.

Here, Leon's an example we ſhould be unworthy of, did we omit to follow it.

LEON.

For my part, I am juſt as much confus'd as you are: and this leſſon will not, I perſuade myſelf, be loſt on me.

RUFFHEAD.

I've been confeſſing every thing this moment, to my father: And, as much as he expreſs'd himſelf incens'd at my behaviour, ſo much did he feel himſelf affected at the thought of yours. He aſks permiſſion in an hour

or ſo to wait upon you, with ſome trifling preſent, ſuch as may expreſs his gratitude.

Mr. CURTIS.

No, no. Deſire him not to think of preſent-making. I perſuade myſelf my children want no recompence for doing what they have done. And beſides, to give back any one his own, is really a duty, and no more.

ALBERT.

How grateful to fulfil this duty! By attending to it, I have got myſelf a friend, for life: may I not ſay ſo, Mr. Ruffhead?

RUFFHEAD.

If I thought I could deſerve that honour, I would anſwer you. But, I'll do every thing I can, that I may

make myſelf not totally unworthy of
your generoſity.

LEON.

Let me not aſk in vain to be a ſha
in that friendſhip. I have been
much to blame as Mr. Ruffhead; b
I find, by this day's leſſon, vengea
may become a noble paſſion.

SERAPHINA, *(to the grey-hound)*

And now ſaucy run-away for y
you've been a night in priſon;
I hope in future will take war
from it, how you quit your maſ
Do the like again, and you ſhall
the conſequence!—But no: w
ever you may do, I find within
ſelf, that I ſhall always love you.

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